

ALL BRAND NEW
FEATURES!

THE

HUMAN TORCH

10¢

NO.
7

COMICS

U.S.
PLANE
FACTORY

PLUS 20 PAGES
OF
SUB-
MARINER
IN ACTION

ATTABOY
TORCH!

WATER
CONTROL

SCHOMBURG

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MARVEL

at
THE WORLD'S
GREATEST
HEROES IN
THE MOST
EXCITING
ADVENTURES
YOU'VE EVER
READ!

MARVEL

at
CHARACTERS
WHICH WILL
TAKE YOUR
BREATH AWAY!
CHARACTERS
LIKE.....



SUB-MARINER



TERRY

VANCE



JIMMY JUPITER



THE PATRIOT



HUMAN TORCH



THE ANGEL



THE VISION

THE HUMAN TORCH and TORO

MEET
THE
**AGENT
OF
DEATH!**



WAR!

DEATH!...TREACHERY!...

THESE WERE THE TOOLS AND PURPOSE
OF THE INSIDIOUS 'AGENT X'!

WHAT HAPPENS TO THE AMERICAN CONVOY
CARRYING FOOD AND SUPPLIES TO OUR
BESEIGED MEN IN THE FAR EAST... WHEN
'AGENT X' MARKS THE SPOT OF DESTRUCTION?
READ ON —>

THE FLAME MASTERS CRASH INTO THE ATTACKERS!

LET'S RUN
THEM,
TORCH!

SCRAM, RATS!

WELL
ER—
YOU
BEE—
I'M NOT
TAKING
ON
PASSENGERS
TORCH!

"CAN YOU
COULDN'T BE
PART OF
THE CONVOY
HEADED
FOR THE
EAST
INDIES,
EH?"

WE
READ
ABOUT
ITCAP

13 CAP JIM'S SHIP CLEARS THE HARBOR, A SECRET RADIO MESSAGE REACHES THE JAPANESE WAR OFFICE

CAPTIVE SHIP S.S. WITH HAS JUST
WEIGHED ANCHOR. AGENT A*
WAITING FOR OTHER ORDERS. S.K.
TE COME IN X. COME CALLING!
USE PLAN
Q.B.'1

DECK
HANDS
DOWN!

USE PLAN
Q.B.'15

ABOARD THE S.S. SMITH, TORO STEPS OUT OF HIS CABIN AND SEES...

HMM! I DIDN'T KNOW WE HAD SOME ORIENTALS ABOARD... THERE'S SOMETHING PECULIAR ABOUT THEM...

WHAT, I WONDER?

WITH TORO PUZZLED BY A QUEER IDEA ABOUT THE ORIENTALS...THE TWO LINE UP WITH THE REST OF THE CREW.

OKAY, BOYS! STEP UP AND GET YOUR BUCKETS OF PAINT. WE'RE GOING TO RECOLOR THIS TUB!

NUTS! I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO HAVE A VACATION CRUISE!

NONE OF THAT! WE HAVE A JOB TO DO, TORO!

I WONDER WHAT IT IS ABOUT THOSE LITTLE YELLOW MEN...?

THAT'S THE SPIRIT, TORO! WELL, LET'S GET BUSY!

UHP

WHILE PAINTING THE DECK TORO'S IDEA FINALLY TAKES SHAPE!

...WONDER WHEN AND HOW THIS SEA COW WILL BE ATTACKED I JUST KNOW IT WILL BE!

...THAT WALK THEY HAVE. I WISH...

YEOW! I'VE GOT IT... HEY... TORCH!

WHAT'S EATING YOU, KID? WHY DIDN'T YOU FINISH THAT PAINT JOB?

COME OVER HERE BEHIND THE VENTILATOR AND I'LL TELL YOU!

LISTEN...THOSE MUSS AREN'T CHINESE, THEY'RE JAPANESE! I'M SURE OF IT!

HUH?! WHAT PROOF HAVE YOU GOT?

OH, I CAN TELL, ALL RIGHT.
I HAD A CHINESE PAL.
HE TOLD ME
SOMETHING!

WATCH, WATCH, IT'S
ALL IN
THEIR
WALK!

YOU KNOW, THE PROBABLY
CHINESE HAVE ALWAYS
WORN SANDALS...

SO, THE CHINESE
SHUFFLE ALONG
LIKE THIS!

BUT... THE JAPS/WINGS' ALONG,
ON ACCOUNT OF WEARING
STILT SHOES. NOW LOOK
AT ONE OF OUR 'CHINESE'
SAIORS...

YOU'RE RIGHT TORO!
SOMETHING'S UP.
HE'S NO CHINESE!

YOU'RE
TELLING
ME!?

BOODIES TENSE, THE PAIR GET
BUSY ASHIN, BUT WITH ONE
EYE ON THE CREW!

SO THERE IS A CONNECTION
BETWEEN THE ATTACK ON
CAPN JIM AND HIS CREW!
WHY DON'T THOSE RATE
ATTACK P I'M GETTING
BORED WAITING!

SUDDENLY... BOTH TORCH AND TORO
SPOT A WEIRD DIFFERENCE IN
THE DECK PAINT!

LOOK, TORCH!
THAT
FRESHLY
PAINTED
DECK!

YEP! IT FOLLOWS A
CERTAIN DESIGN!
I'VE GOT IT!
HA! LET THE SUCKERS
FINISH! THIS IS GOING
TO BE BAIT FOR
BIGGER FISH!

THEN WITHIN THE CONFINES OF A NEARBY SECRET
JAP BASE, AGENT 'X' IS WAITING FOR THE ZERO
HOUR OF HIS PLANNED ATTACK ON THIS
SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT!

WARM UP THE PLANES...
WE'RE ATTACKING!

MOMENTS LATER, AT DUSK, ABOARD THE S.S. SMITH, A WEIRD, DULL LIGHT GLOWS ON THE DECK WHERE THE ORIENTALS WERE BUSY PAINTING A SHORT WHILE BEFORE!

LOOK, TORO... THE EMBLEM OF THE RINGS SUN! HERE'S WHERE THE FUN BEGINS!

IT'S GLOWING! C'MON TORO... LET'S GO!



HERE WE COME, DOGS!

THAT'S FOR PEARL HARBOR!



THE FLAME MASTERS DIVE INTO THE SUSPECTED SEAMEN!

WHEE! THIS IS THE STUFF!



BUT... MORE OF THE SNEAKY CREW POUR INTO THE BATTLING DUO!

ON WITH YOUR FLAME, TORO!

RIGHT! THESE RATS ARE SWARMING INTO US!



AS TORO AND TORO CHARGE INTO THE SNEAKY CREW, A STRANGE CHANGE TAKES PLACE... THEIR FACES SEEM TO MELT OFF!

AGENT 'X' NEVER TOLD US ABOUT THESE MEN!

WHAT IN... JAPS!



THEY WERE WEARING RUBBER MASKS OUR FLAMES MELTED THEM!

YEAH! HEY... WHAT'S THAT?

SOUNDS LIKE...



LOOK! PLANES! THEY'RE DIVE-BOMBING US!



THE WHINING MOTORS CLOSE DOWN ON THE SHIPS, AND FROM THEIR NOSES, A TONGUE OF FLAME SHOOTS OUT LIKE A TORCH!



FLAME
THROWERS!
C'MON, TORCH!
LET'S FIGHT
FIRE WITH
FIRE!

THE MASTERS OF FLAME ZOOM TO MEET THE ATTACKERS!

SO, THAT'S WHAT THE
LUMINESCENT PAINT-
JOB WAS FOR!

A TARGET FOR OUR
SHIP UNDER THE
COVER OF
NIGHT!



THE MEN OF
FIRE! ORDER
THE OTHERS TO
ATTACK!
WE MUST DESTROY
THAT SHIP!

PURRRING HIS LIGHTER THAN
AIR BODY FASTER, THE TORCH
TURNS THE ENEMY'S FIRE
WEAPON AGAINST THEM!



SOON, YOU'LL
ROAST IN YOUR
OWN FLAME!

IN THE
SQUADRON
LEADER'S PLANE.

TWO PLANES DOWN!
KEEP ATTACKING!
THAT SHIP
MUST BE
DESTROYED!



MEANWHILE... TORO BLASTS
INTO THE JAP SHIPS, HURLING
FIRE-BALLS LIKE A MACHINE
GUN!



THAT ONE
MAKES ME
AN ACE!

LOOK!
ONE
PLANE
IS
ESCAP-
ING!

BACK TO THE
BASE... THOSE
MEN ARE TOO
MUCH FOR US...
AT PRESENT!



BUT, WE'LL MEET
AGAIN AND
THEN, IT'LL
BE THEIR
TURN TO
SWEAT!

THAT PLANE'S
FAST, MUST
BE THE
SQUADRON
LEADER. LET'S
GET BACK TO
OUR SHIP
TORO!

OKAY... WE
CAN GET
HIM
LATER!



BACK ON THE SHIP, TERRY AND TORO GET BUSY WITH THE CAPTAIN...

CAP, THOSE PLANES MUST COME FROM AN AIR-PLANE CARRIER SOMEWHERE IN THIS VICINITY!

THEN THAT CARRIER MUST BE ANCHORED OFF ONE OF THESE TWO ISLANDS!



THAT MEANS THAT THE ATTACK ON OUR SHIP WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING... THINK OF THE REST OF THE CONVOY... WHY! WE'LL BE WIPE OUT! C'MON, TORO! WE MUST WARN THE CONVOY COMMANDER UP-HEAD!

COMING!

GOOD LUCK.



THE FLAME MASTERS FLASH ACROSS THE SKY, THEN SWOOP DOWN AS THEY SPOT THE WARSHIP LEADING THE CONVOY...

AH! THERE IT IS! COME ON!



TELLING THE COMMANDING OFFICER THEIR EXPERIENCE, THEY ASK QUESTIONS AND...

YOU SAY PLANES ATTACKED YOUR SHIP? HA! YOU'RE WACKY, TORO! THERE'S NOTHING AROUND HERE BUT THREE SMALL ISLANDS OCCUPIED BY FISHING BOATS!

THREE ISLANDS! ARE YOU SURE?

YES! OUR OWN AIR SCOUTS INFORMED ME!

HMM!

AT THAT MOMENT, AS THE AMERICAN CONVOY NEARS THE ISLANDS, AGENT'S GLOATS AS HE PUTS HIS PLAN INTO ACTION!

HA! NOT ONLY DO I DESTROY THE CONVOY, BUT THOSE FLAME EATERS AS WELL!

YOUR ORDERS HAVE BEEN OBEYED!

LATER, ON THE BRIDGE OF THE AMERICAN DESTROYER,

KIND OF QUIET TONIGHT... LIKE THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM!

YES, IT... HEY! LOOK! PERISCOPE OFF PORT SIDE SOUND THE CALL TO BATTLE STATIONS!

YES, SIR!



THE PROTECTIVE DESTROYERS CRASH WILDLY AS THEY GIVE CHASE LEAVING THE CONVOY TO STAY ON ITS COURSE.



A SALVO OF SHELLS FROM THE DESTROYER'S FIND THEIR MARK!

THAT'S ODD! WHY DIDN'T THEY CRASH DIVE...

SOMETHING QUEER ABOUT THIS!



BACK AND TOWO LEAVE THE DESTROYER
TO TURN ON THEIR FLAME AND
INVESTIGATE THE FLOATING DEBRIS!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY
THAT SUB DIDN'T SUBMERGE
WHEN SHE SAW THE
DESTROYER
COMING!



THERE'S WHY!
LOOK AT THAT WIRE
ARRANGEMENT ON
THE PERISCOPE!

WELL, I'LL BE...!
IT WAS RADIO
CONTROLLED!
THAT'S AN
ANTENNA!



JUMPING FIREBALLS!
THIS IS A
TRAP!

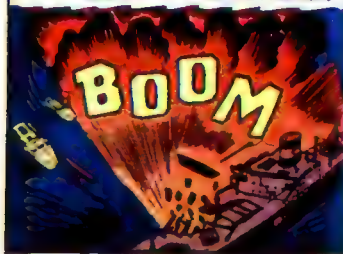


AT THAT MOMENT, AGENT X ISSUES FINAL
ORDERS FROM THE SECRET BASE THE
FIRST UNIT OF HIS FENISH PLAN GOES
INTO ACTION!

HA! MY SCHEME WORKED! AND
THE CONVOY IS NOW LEFT
COMPLETELY UNPRO-
TECTED... GOOD!



SHOOTING OUT FROM BEHIND THE ISLANDS,
SEVERAL JAP TORPEDO BOATS SPEED FOR
THE HELPLESS CONVOY... AND... STRIKE!



WHILE ABOARD "CAP" JIM'S SHIP!

BUT THESE JAP
TORPEDO BOATS... I'LL FIX
'EM!... OLD JIM HAS A
TRICK OR TWO
LEFT!



**BUT WHAT A TRICK, AND IT GOES INTO
PLAY IMMEDIATELY, AS CAP JIM'S BOAT
BEARS DOWN ON A JAP TORPEDO BOAT!**

**I HAVEN'T SPENT FORTY YEARS
DODGING ICE BERGS FOR
NOTHING! I CAN OUT-
MANEUVER THESE DOPES
AS WELL!**

**HOW DO YOU
LIKE THE
STEEL PLATED
PROW, YOU
BLASTED
SEA-ICE!**

**SECOND MENACE FACES THE ATTACKING
TORPEDO BOATS... A FLAMING MENACE!**

**YOU TACKLE THE LEFT,
I'LL TAKE CARE
OF THE RIGHT!**

**YOWSA!
WITH
PLEASURE!**

**SO, YOU THOUGHT
YOUR PHONEY
SUBS COULD
M.S.E.R.D
U.S. EM?**

**HAVE ON... FULL
BLAST, TORO MELTS
THE GAP TO A
MOLTEN MASS...
TRAPPING THE CREW!**

**HOW DO YOU LIKE
THIS KIND
OF STEAM BATH?
YOU DIRT...**

**...WHILE THE TORCH FLAME-BOMBS THE
REMAINING JAP BOATS!**

**SIMPLY SAPPONESE!
LET THESE HEAT UP
YOUR ICY
HEARTS!**

**HEY, TORCH!
LOOK!**

**THAT ISLAND!
IT'S MOVING!**

**IT'S NO ISLAND
TORO
I KNOW
WHAT IT
IS... IT'S
THE JAPS
SECRET
BASE!**

THE JAPS' SECRET BASE...

(A PHANTOM VIEW OF WHAT THEY SEE.)

SEE?
IT'S MOVING, ALL RIGHT...
—MUST BE A FRAME
SET ON A
LARGE SHIP!

RIGHT!

ONE OF AGENT X'S
SECRET WEAPONS WHICH
HE STOLE BY TORTURING
A CAPTURED SCIENTIST
... A FAKE ISLAND BRIDGE!

HUGE AIRCRAFT CARRIER
WITH FRAMEWORK, AND
COVERED WITH EARTH
AND CAMOUFAGE. VOLCANO
IS SMOKE-STACK.

GREAT TRAP DOORS
OPEN FOR PLANES
ON UPPER DECK ...

TORPEDO BORTS AND
SUBS SERVICED AT
SIDE... SERVES AS
MOTHER SHIP FOR
PLANES AND BOATS!

SECRET
ESCAPE.

CARRIER
DECK.

SECRET PASSAGE
SMALL BOATS
AT WATERLOO!

THE ONLY SMELL
OF THAT "VOLCANO"
SMOKE CINCIES IT!
COME ON, TORO! LET'S
CRASH THEIR LITTLE
PARTY!

LEAD ON
PAL!
LEAD ON!

PLANES ON FULL FORCE, TORCH AND TORO SEAR DOWN, THROUGH THE SHELL COVERING THE BASE, AND ZOOM INSIDE!

WOW! LOOK AT THIS, KID! HEY! THOSE PLANES ARE READY TO TAKE OFF!

C'MON! LET'S GIVE 'EM A HOT FOOT!

LIKE CONTROLLED METEORS, THEY FLASH OUT WITH A BLINDING SHEET OF FLAME DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THE TAKING PLANES!

THERE! THAT'LL STOP 'EM!

RIGHT! --- AND IF IT DOESN'T ---

AS THE PLANES ROAR THROUGH THE CURTAIN OF FLAME, THE HEAT-HEADED PAIR DIVE AT THE MOTORS --- EXPLODING THEM!

THIS WILL!

BANG!

SUDDENLY, A BURLY LOUD SPEAKER SHOUTS ORDERS FROM ABOVE! IT IS AGENT 'X'!

TURN THE HOSES ON THEM! HURRY!

LIKE CANNON SHOTS, THE STREAMS OF WATER FROM THE CARRIER'S FIRE-FIGHTING SYSTEM POUND OUR FRIENDS OFF THEIR FEET!

OFF!

HEY!

--- BUT, THE SURPRISE SOON WEARS OFF AND THE FIRE MASTERS FIGHT BACK! FIRE VS. WATER!

THIS FIRE-BALL WILL TURN THE WATER TO STEAM --- NOW ---

TORCH! LOOK! THAT CRANE! --- AGENT 'X'! ???

SEEING HIS POWERFUL HOSES ARE USELESS --- AGENT 'X' DROPS A HUGE ASBESTOS ARE NET DIRECTLY ON TOP OF THEM!

NOW --- MY FIERY FRIENDS, LET'S SEE YOU GET OUT OF THAT!

?

?

SO! YOU STRUGGLE NO LONGER!
PERHAPS YOU WILL LISTEN --
OR DIE! YOU CAN BE OF
GREAT USE TO ME! PULL
OFF THE COVER!



GONE! ..THEY
HAVE BURIED
THROUGH THE
DECK!



THEY ARE BELOW
DECK! THEY MUST
NOT ESCAPE! CLOSE
ALL BULKHEAD DOORS!
TRAP THEM!



BELOW DECKS, TORCH AND TORO DECIDE TO
EXPLORE THE COMPLICATED WORKS OF
THE BASE ...

LET'S GO, TORO! --
THIS THING COULD DO
A LOT OF
DAMAGE
IF WE
FAIL TO
STOP IT!

RIGHT!
WE'LL THROW
A WRENCH
INTO IT --
THEN GET
MR. 'X'!



WE HAD BETTER
HURRY -- BEFORE
THEY DECIDE
TO GET IN
OUR HAIR
AGAIN!



THAT DOOR
MUST LEAD
TO THE
BOILER
ROOMS--
COME ON!

SUDDENLY THE GREAT DOOR
SLAMS IN THEIR FACES!

LOOK
OUT!



---AND, AS THEY TURN TO
LOOK FOR ANOTHER EXIT,
THE ONLY OTHER DOOR
SHUTS WITH A LOUD CRASH!

OH-OH! LOOKS LIKE THEY
WANT TO KEEP
US HERE!

WHAT'S
UP!



THEN, AS IF IN ANSWER, A
SPEAKER SET HIGH ON THE WALL
COMES TO LIFE:

HA-HA!... OCCIDENTAL FOOLS!
YOU ARE TRAPPED, YES?
NOW YOU SHALL TASTE
A SURPRISE I HAVE FOR
YOU -- NOW! -- NOW!



AGENT 'X'S' WORDS TRAIL OFF ---
GREAT JETS OPEN IN THE CEILING ---
EMITTING STREAMS OF FOAMY SUBSTANCE!

FOAMITE!

TORCH! WE CAN'T
USE OUR FLAMES
--- WE'LL -- WE'LL
DROWN!

THINKING QUICKLY,
TORCH TOSSES TORO
TOWARD THE CEILING!
TORO TURNS ON HIS
FLAME! ... AND
BURNS THROUGH!

IT
WORKED!

TORO TOSSES TORCH ONE END OF
A WHIRLY COIL OF ROPE -- AND TORCH
STARTS UP ---

THAT LOUDSPEAKER!
-- 'X' IS AT THE
OTHER END!

OKAY,
PAL!

OKAY!

DIE!
DIE!
HA-
HA!

TORCH REACHES THE TOP --- SPOTS SOMETHING!

THIS WIRE INLET! IT'S
FOR THE LOUD SPEAKER!
--- ALL I HAVE TO DO
IS FOLLOW IT!

OH BOY! HERE'S
WHERE I HAVE
SOME FUN!

大爆炸
DANGER
炸中文字
EXPLOSION

AS THE TORCH FOLLOWS THE TRAIL
OF THE WIRE TO AGENT 'X'S' SECRET
CHAMBER -- TORO IS LEAVING A
TRAIL OF HIS OWN! ...

THIS IS SIMPLE!
--- MUST HAVE
INSTALLED IT
HIMSELF!

THE END OF THE WIRE
BRINGS TORCH TO A
CLOSED METAL DOOR---

LISTEN, TORO---HEE IN
THERE! OH-ON---THIS DOOR
IS LOCKED -- BUT----

"NOT FOR LONG! -- MY
FLAMING HAND WILL MAKE
THE WORKS OF THIS
LOCK RUN OUT
LIKE WATER!

NOW,
MR. 'X'---

GET MORE MINES READY!...
BAH! DON'T WORRY ABOUT
THE FIRE-BUGS! THEY'RE
DROWNING IN THE FOAMITE!
HA! I BET THEY WOULD LIKE
TO GET THEIR HANDS ON
ME NOW!

YOU SAID IT,
PAL!

TORCH'S BLAZING HAND
SWISHES IN FRONT OF
AGENT 'X'S FACE!

SERV. CE.
EH, WHAT?

"GULP"

BUT 'X'S FOOT FLASHES
UNDER THE TABLE
AND KICKS A LEVER!

YOU WON'T
GET ME!

"AND AGENT 'X'S CHAIR VANISHES INTO
THE FLOOR, LEAVING THE
FLAME-MASTERS SPEECHLESS!"



WELL, I'LL
BE...! A TRAP.
DOOR ESCAPE
HATCH!

...HE LANDED IN A
'P.T.' BOAT! WHAT ARE
WE WAITING FOR?
C'MON, TORO! ACTION!



AS TORCH STARTS DOWN THE SLIDE,
TORO WHIRLS AND SENDS A FIRE
BALL INTO THE POWDER TRAIL!

THAT'LL PUT AN END
TO THE FLOATING
DEATH-TRAP!

HURRY,
TORO!

HERE I
COME,
TORCH!

GOOD!
HERES A
RESERVE
BOAT ALL
READY!

AS THE TORCH'S 'P.T.' BOAT
SHOOTS AFTER AGENT 'X'S
BOAT, THE OUTER EXIT
HATCH SLAMS SHUT
IN FRONT OF THEM.

WE CAN'T
GO THROUGH
IT!

"AND THE AMMUNITION
ROOM IS GOING
TO BLOW UP
ANY SECOND
BETTER SAY
OUR PRAYERS
TORCH!"



TORCH, MOVING FIRST,
LEAPS ON THE BOW OF
THE PT. BOAT AND FIRES
LARGE CIRCLES OF
FLAME AT THE DOOR.



THE CIRCLES
MELTED THE
DOOR! OPEN
HER WIDE,
TORO!

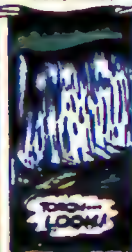


RIGHT,
TORCH!

BUT, SPLIT SECONDS LATER, THE
FLOATING BASE OF DEATH IS TORN
ASUNDER, AND HER SUICIDE
CREW IS BLOWN TO BITS!



—THE EXPLOSION
FORCES A MAN-MADE
TIDAL WAVE!



—THE WAVE RACES UP
TO AND POUNDS OVER
THE SMALL PT. BOAT,
LEAVING A CHURNING
SEA BEHIND IT!



MEANWHILE, THE CONVOY HAS BEEN
PLOWING THROUGH HEAVY SEAS--AND
EVERY LOOKOUT HAS HIS EYES PEELED!
THE SIGHT AND SOUND OF THE NEARBY
EXPLODING BASE BRINGS EVERY MAN
TO SHARP ATTENTION!

WOW!

SOUNDS LIKE
HADES

CAPTAIN JIM REALIZES HIS TWO HOT-BLOODED FRIENDS
HAVE ACCOMPLISHED THEIR OBJECTIVE--BUT WORRIES
ABOUT THEIR SAFETY!

NOBODY COULD
LIVE THROUGH
THAT--NOT
EVEN ----

HANG IT!
FULL
SPEED
TOWARD
THE
BLAST!

--BACK TO TORCH AND TORO-- THE
GREAT WAVE HAS TURNED THEM
OVER! UNDERWATER, TORCH SPOTS
THE UNCONSCIOUS TORO ----

HANG ON, KID!
HERE I COME!

HIS LUNGS BURSTING, TORCH
FINALLY REACHES THE
SURFACE WITH TORO ----

PHEW! WHAT
A BEATING!

AND THROWING HIM OVER
THE UPSIDE-DOWN
R.T. BOAT!

UP YOU GO, TORO, ---
YOU'LL BE
OKAY!

I
HOPE!

STRUGGLING TO GIVE TORO ARTIFICIAL
RESPIRATION ON THE OVERTURNED BOAT,
TORCH SEES ---

TORCH!
THANK
GOODNESS!

A BOAT! ...
CAPTAIN JIM!--
BOY! AM I
GLAD TO
SEE YOU!

LOOK ALIVE, THERE!
GIVE ME A HAND HERE!
--IN YOU COME!--
THAT'S IT!

IT'S TORO,
CAP!
HE'S HALF
DROWNED!

RETURNING TO CAPTAIN JIM'S SHIP,
TORO IS IMMEDIATELY HANDED OVER
TO THE SHIP'S DOCTOR ...

HEY, DOC!
HERE'S A VERY
SPECIAL CASE
FOR YOU!

OKAY, CAP!
I'LL DO MY
BEST!

YOU'D BETTER!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT
TORO, TORCH-- THE
DOC'LL TAKE GOOD
CARE OF HIM! NOW
TELL ME, WHAT WAS
THAT EXPLOSION?

AGENT 'X'S BASE!
...BUT HE ESCAPED!
I'LL GET TO HIM,
SOON AS TORO'S
OKAY -- IF ANY-
THING HAPPENS
TO THAT KID,
I'LL ---

EASY, TORCH!
DON'T LOSE
YOUR HEAD!

KEEPING A WORRIED VIGIL OVER TORO,
WHILE THE CONVOY STEAMS ONWARD....
TORCH FINALLY SEES HIS YOUNG
FRIEND OPEN HIS EYES ---

TORO! YOU YOUNG SCAMP!
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF
RUNNING OUT ON ME?

I-I-I-M
SORRY--

HA-HA! I'M KIDDING!
COME ON -- SNAP OUT
OF IT! -- WE HAVE A JOB
TO DO ON A CERTAIN GUY!

TORO SOON GETS HIS
SEA LEGS--AND TORCH
GROWS IMPATIENT FOR
ACTION!-- SUDDENLY---

LAND
HO!

WHAT?

HOLY HOT SMOKES!
--IF WERE SO CLOSE
TO SHORE, WE'D BETTER
BEWARE OF MINES!

REMEMBERING AGENT 'X'S CALL FOR MORE
MINES, TORCH REALIZES THE CONVOY IS
HEADED FOR TROUBLE! HE ADVISES
CAPTAIN JIM TO SWERVE -- AND APPROACH
FROM A DIFFERENT DIRECTION ...

CHANGE COURSE!
MINES!

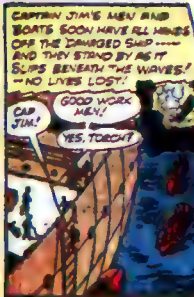
YES,
SIR!

---BUT ONE OF THE SHIPS IN THE CONVOY
ISN'T SO LUCKY... AND HITS A MINE!

LOWER THE
BOATS! THOSE
BLASTED SEA-LICE
MUST'VE MINED
THE WHOLE
BLOOMIN' OCEAN!

RIGHT!

BOOM!



CAPTAIN JIM'S MEN AND BOATS SOON HAVE ALL MINDS OFF THE DAMAGED SHIP — AND THEY STAND BY AS IT SLIPS BENEATH THE WAVES! — NO LIVES LOST!

CAP JIM!
GOOD WORK MEY!
YES, TORCH!



ORDER THE CONVOY TO STOP AT ONCE! ABOUT 'X' HAS THESE WATERS HEAVILY MINED! I HAVE A PLAN! COME ON, TORO!

RIGHT!

I WILL TORCH!



OFF THEY GO! — IT MUST HAVE SOME NEARBY BASE —

RIGHT! OTHERWISE HE WOULDN'T HAVE USED A SHORT-RANGE R.C. BOAT!



THE SPOTTED LAND PROVES TO BE THE CONVOY'S DESTINATION—HOWEVER, A STRANGE SIGHT IN ONE OF THE SNAIL-LIKE COVES ATTRACTS HIS ATTENTION —

LOOK, TORO! THAT STRAIGHT CHANNEL THROUGH THE MURBY COVE — IT LOOKS MURK-MADE!

YOU'RE RIGHT!



SEE THAT? IT JUST CLOSED UP LIKE A ZIPPER! THAT'S A SECRET ENTRANCE TO A JUNGLE BASE — OR I'LL EAT IT!

WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!



BUT — AS THE FLAME-MASTERS FLASH DOWN ON THE INNOCENT-LOOKING JUNGLE, THEY ARE GREETED BY "ACK-ACK" FIRE!

WOW!
ACK!
UP, TORO! UP!



THAT JUNGLE IS A JAPANESE HOT-BED! — LET'S SEE IF IT WILL BURN!

YOU CAN ALWAYS SMOKE OUT A SKUNK!

THE CAMOUFLAGED JUNGLE SPRINGS INTO FLAME --- AND IN THE CONFUSION TORCH AND TONG SVOOD DOWN AND THROUGH IT!

UNDER THE FLAMING, CAREFULLY THATCHED WIRE SCREENING, THEY SEE A COMPLETE JAP BASE!

LET'S TRY THAT BIG SHACK -- "X" SHOULD BE IN THERE

RIGHT WITH YOU!

THEY SEAR THROUGH THE FLAMEY WALL ---

WELL, WELL! OLD CROSS-BONES M'SELF!

台語 台語

NEVER MIND THE DOUBLE-TALK, SNEET. HEART! WE'LL DO THE TALKING FROM THIS POINT ON!

WEND! LISTEN TO HIM

YIIIIIEEE!

GRABBING AGENT "X" WITH FLAMES OFF ON THEIR ARMS -- THEY FLASH AWAY WITH HIM -- UP AND OUT OF THE FLAMING JAP BASE!

DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, "X" --- WE WON'T DROP YOU --- YEE!

AS THEY LEAVE THE ISLAND, THEY LOOK BACK AT THE RAGING FIRE ---

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW! -- WHEN THE FLAMES HIT THE AMMUNITION ---

POW! THAT SHE BLOWS! THAT FINISHES THAT! NOW WE HAVE A LITTLE JOB FOR YOU PAL, OR ELSE!



WATCH FOR THE NEXT BLAZING ACTION-ADVENTURE OF THE

HUMAN TORCH

AND **TORO**

IN MARVEL Comics ALL WINNERS and HUMAN TORCH MAGAZINES!

DON'T DELAY

Another Second!!



BECOME A MEMBER OF
CAPTAIN AMERICA'S
SENTINELS OF LIBERTY
NOW!

CUT OUT THIS BADGE AND SEND IT, ALONG
WITH 10¢, TO CAPTAIN AMERICA'S STAFF,
HEADQUARTERS,
330 WEST 42 ST., NEW YORK CITY,
ROOM 100.
THEN YOU WILL RECEIVE YOUR PERSONAL
MEMBERSHIP CARD AND PERSONAL BADGE!

DO IT NOW!

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY AND STATE.....



PERSONAL SIGNATURE.....

AMERICA ALWAYS!

HUMAN TORCH

THE CASE OF THE ATTEMPTED
UP
DREADNAUGHT
DISASTERS!

REACHING CLEAR ACROSS THE AMERICAN CONTINENT, THE FINGERED FINGERS OF JAPANESE TREACHERY CLAW OUT TO WRECK STRATEGIC BRIDGES THAT WOULD BOTTLE UP OUR NAVY YARD.... OUR STORY BEGINS WITH A SHIP'S LAUNCHING—

TORCH IS DETRAILED TO THE NAVY YARD TO PREVENT SABOTAGE!

DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYTHING GOING AROUND HERE!

YEAH, DOGGONE IT!

SUDDENLY...

TORCH THE BOAT IS SLIDING BACKWARD!

IT'LL RUN INTO THIS BATTLESHIP!

LOOK OUT! RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!

TORCH AND TORO BLAZE BY! ACTION AND THEIR CLOTHES GO UP IN SMOKE!

YOU TAKE THE OTHER SIDE, TORO!

OKEY, KEEED!

HEY! WHAT'S THIS?

THE FLAMES MELT THE RAILS TO THE SHIP'S BOTTOM, AND...

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SHIP...

THE SHIP PLUNGED TO THE RAIL'S STOPS IN ITS DEPTH PLUNGE.

HERE'S A HOT-FOOT FOR YOU!

WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!

ANOTHER SECOND AND WE'D HAVE HAD TO DIVE FOR HER!

WHAT A PAIR THEY ARE!

I WONDER WHAT WISE-GUY STARTED THIS MESS?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT... LET'S INVESTIGATE!

SHE'S STARTING TO SLOW DOWN!

NEAR THE END OF THE WAVE

HEY, TORO, LOOK AT THIS! WILL YA?

WELL, I'LL BE...

SOMEBODY HAS KNOCKED THE CHOCKS LOOSE. LOOK AT THE HAMMER MARKS ON THEM.

STORO WALKS ALONG, HE HEARS...

GAD... TO THINK THAT 30 MILLION BUCKS ALMOST WENT UP WITH A SPLASH

HEY... WHAT'S THIS?

YOU MUST BE MORE CAREFUL THE NEXT TIME!

IF IT WASN'T FOR THOSE OTHER TWO.

SO! YOU ARE THE MUGS THAT STARTED ALL THIS RUMPLUS!

WHY YOU LITTLE...

GRAB HIM!



TORO TURNS HIS FLAME ON, AND...

OKAY, PAL, LET'S HAVE THE LOW DOWN ON ALL THESE SHANANIGANS!

STOP!

TAKE IT AWAY! I'LL TELL YOU!



WE'RE PART OF AN INTERNATIONAL SPI SYSTEM. OUR HEADQUARTERS ARE 906 E. 57th ST. NOW... TAKE THE FLAME AWAY!



TORO COMES UP, AND THE TWO SABOTEURS ARE TURNED OVER TO THE POLICE!

TAKE CARE OF THESE GUNS! DON'T LET THEM GET AWAY!

WE'LL DO THAT!

GET ALONG THERE!



LATE THAT NIGHT...

WATCHYA SELF, KID! WE MAY RUN INTO SOME MORE TROUBLE!

HOT DOGS! WE'LL FRY 'EM TO A FRAZZLE!





HECK... IT'S
LOCKED!



ORCH DIRECTS A
FINGER OF FLAME INTO
THE KEYHOLE...



COME ON,
TORO...

I WISH I HAD
A CANDLE...
HA, HA.



BUT...

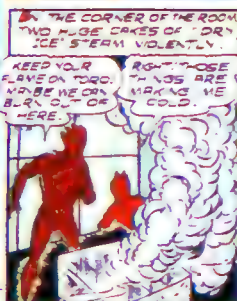
BE VERY
QUIET.
HEY!

WHOOOPS!



WHAT A JOINT!
HEY... THE TRAPDOOR'S
SHUT. WHAT'S GONNA
GO ON IN HERE
ANYWAY?

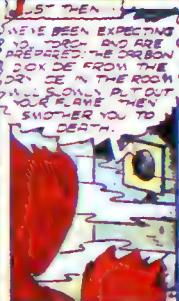
WHATEVER IT IS, I
DON'T LIKE IT!
I SAY LOOK OVER
THERE.



IN THE CORNER OF THE ROOM
TWO HUGE CAKES OF "DRY
ICE" STEAM VIOLENTLY.

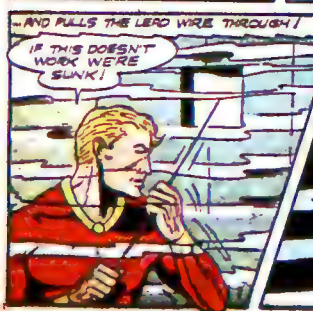
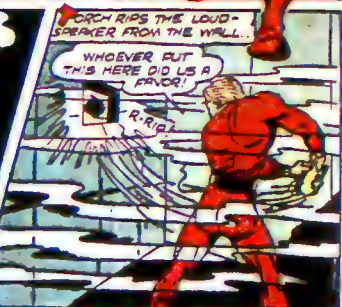
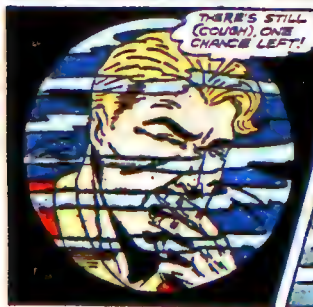
KEEP YOUR
FLAME ON TORO.
MAYBE WE CAN
BURN OUT OF
HERE.

RIGHT THOSE
THINGS ARE
MAKING ME
COLD.



JUST THEN...
WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING
YOU, TORO, AND ARE
PREPARED. THE DRAGON
DOX DE FROM THE
DRY ICE IN THE ROOM
WILL SLOWLY PUT OUT
YOUR FLAME THEN
SMOTHER YOU TO
DEATH.

THE CARBON DIOXIDE STARTS TO TAKE EFFECT.



TORCH HOLDS TORCH UP TO
THE HOLE IN THE WALL AND
THEY BREATHE FRESH AIR.

FEEL
BETTER?

YUP!

TORCH HOLDS TORCH UP TO
THE HOLE IN THE WALL AND
THEY BREATHE FRESH AIR.

IT'S A GOOD TIME
THAT THIS ASBESTOS
IS ONLY A LIVING.

LET'S
HURRY!

THE TERRIFIC HEAT CRACKS
THE WALL WIDE OPEN!

THERE, THE
DOES IT!

NOE GOING
PAL.

THEY SQUEEZE THROUGH THE
HOLE SPLIT IN THE WALL!

KEEP YOUR EYES
PEELED! THEY
MIGHT HAVE HEARD
THAT WALL GO!

...HOPE SO
I'M FITTING
FOR A
FIGHT!

JUST THEN...

ACH!
KILL THE
SWINE

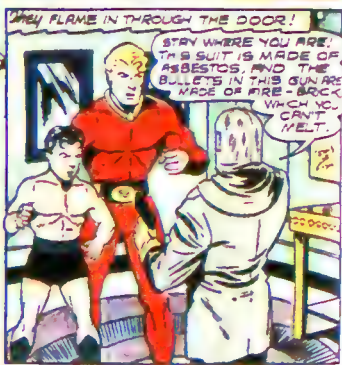
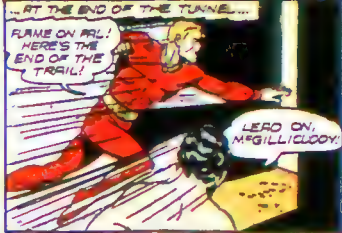
SHOOT
THEM!

HA! YOU'LL
HAVE TO DO
BETTER
THAT!

LET'S GIVE
'EM THE
WORKS
TORCHIE.

WHIPPING UP FIREBALLS, THE TWO...
WRAP 'EM UP,
FELLER.

THAT'LL HOLD
'EM FOR A
WHILE! NOW
FOR THE
CHIE!



OUTSIDE THE HOUSE A TRUCK WAITS...



THE FLAME MASTERS ARE FORCED INTO THE TRUCK...JUST THEN,



TORCH COMMANDS THE MAFIA FLAME TO JUMP ONTO THE MAN'S HAND!



THE DRIVER FLINGS HIS BURNED HAND OUT.!



AS THE TWO ARGUE...



OOF! GOT HIM!

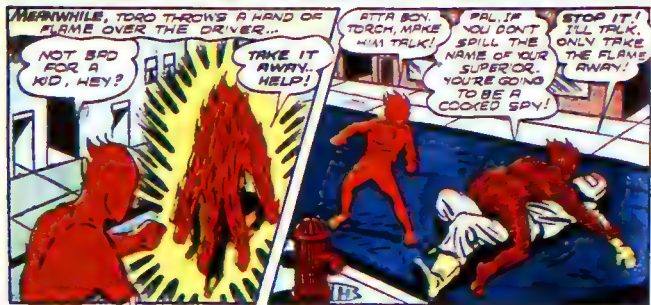


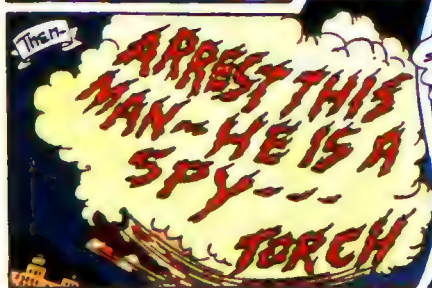
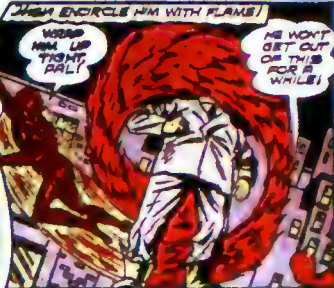
TORCH AND TORO GO TO IT!



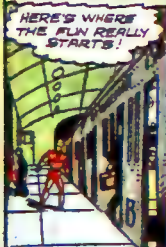
THE REBUSTS-SUITED MAN RECOVERS AND....



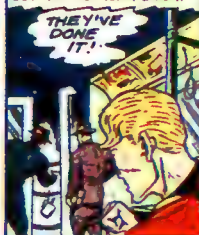




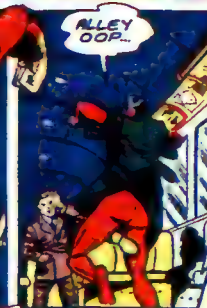
THE TRAIN COMES IN
AND THE SPY'S ENTER,
FOLLOWED BY TORCH!



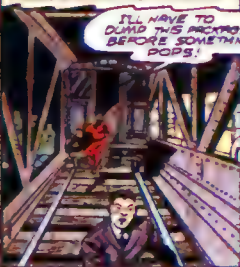
AS THE TRAIN GOES OVER
THE BRIDGE, ONE OF THE
JRPS THROWS A PACKAGE
OUT OF THE REAR DOOR.



NOT DARING TO TURN ON HIS PLUME,
TORCH WADES INTO THEM BARE HANDED.



TORCH LEAPS AFTER AM WITH THE OTHER SPY AND HIS PACKAGE.



I'LL HAVE TO DUMP THIS PACKAGE BEFORE SOMETHING POPS!

THE PARCEL GOES OVER...



AM I GLAD TO GET RID OF THAT!

...AND EXPLODES INTO A GLARING FLAME!



THE SPY FOLLOWS HIS PACKAGE!



HERE'S WHAT YOU TRIED TO DISH OUT TO US!

AIEEE!

TORCH WHIRLS A FIRE BALL... AND...



AND AS FOR YOU, TRY GETTING AWAY FROM THIS!

...BUT THE JAP DODGES, AND...



YE GOOS! HE HIT THE THIRD RAIL!

QUICKLY, TORCH GRABS THE OTHER PACKAGE, BUT...



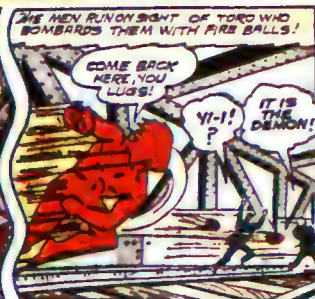
IT HITS A GIRDER, AND...

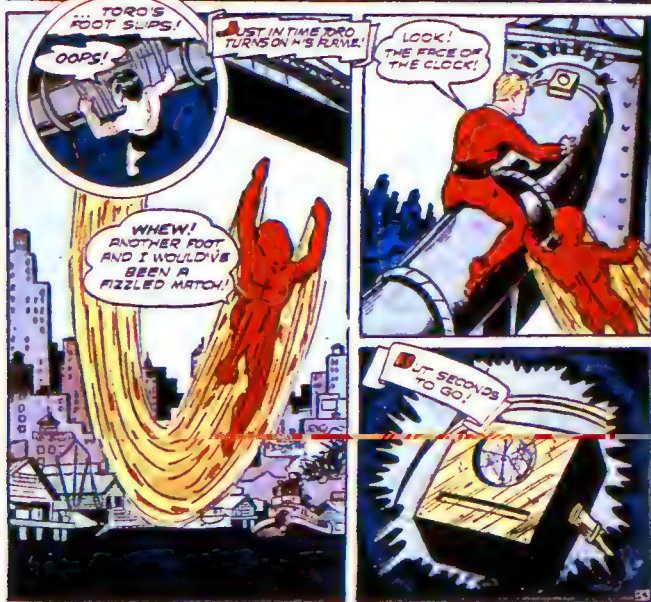
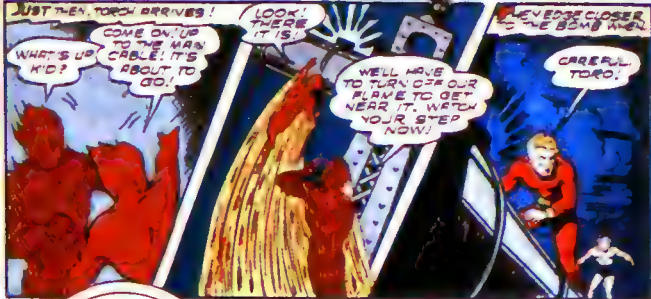


BOUNCES BACK ON THE TRACK WHERE...



OH, MY GOSH!





BRING RAINST A HOW AND
THEY EDGE CLOSER TO THE
PACKAGES OF DEATH!

TORCH LUNGES FORWARD. BUT JUST
AS HE DOES...

THE THERMITE
BOMB EXPLODES,
MELTING THROUGH
THE CABLE!

HURRY TORCH!
IT'S READY
TO GO OFF!

I'LL
HAVE IT IN
A SECOND!

CAREFUL!
THERE IT
GOES!

FLYING INTO
ACTION TO
NEUTRALIZE
THE TERRIFIC
HEAT OF THE
THERMITE, TORCH
TWISTS THE
PACKAGE FROM
THE CABLE!

TORCH!
THE CABLE IS
ALMOST GONE!
IT'S STARTING
TO GIVE WAY!

THE FLAME
MASTERS ZOOM
INTO ACTION!





HOW'S THIS TORCH!

ATTA BOY, KIDDO!



QUICKLY, THE JOB IS DONE.

THAT AKE'S THAT! LET'S GO THEY MUST BE BACK TO THOSE MUOS WE LEFT ON THE BROSE!

YEAH, THEY MUST BE GETTING PRETTY WARM!



THERE THEY ARE!

RIGHT! AND IT LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT COMPANY, TOO!



TURNING OFF THEIR FLAME TORCH AND TORO GRABS THE SABOTEURS....

ALL RIGHT... BRILL IT PAL OR LET'S HAVE YOU'LL GET DUMPED THE...

NO! NO! I'LL TELL YOU! GRETAORE IS THE...



GLASS SHATTERS TO THE FLOOR AS THEY PLUMMET THROUGH THE WINDOW!

WHAT THE!





Devil CAT

By MICKEY SPILLANE

SHARPLY, THE CLANG of the steel cage door echoed throughout the big tent. Mark Castel, whip in hand, strode into the emptiness of the barred enclosure. His hand shook. He jumped violently at the noise of the gate shutting on him.

Two months before he had been the most famed of all animal trainers. His daring in the arena was unsurpassed. Fearlessly, he would stride into a cage full of the most vicious animals of the jungle, beasts that were ready to tear him and each other apart at the slightest provocation. But his whip would crack, his chair would poke into the faces of the lions and tigers, forcing them to do his bidding. They snarled and grunted, but they were afraid of this man. Afraid of his courage, his strength with his meager weapons, and the look in his eye that they could not stare down.

Every time he made his appearance, the crowd would roar. *His* was the feature act. Every person in the stands came to see him, alone, mastering the wild cats of the jungle! Their sleek bodies would come noiselessly down the wooden chute and jump to their positions on the top of their pedestals.

The whip would crack, the chair would go forward, and the tigers and lions would begin their weird routine. Glittering dangerously, the eyes of the animals would fasten on the slim man who commanded their every moment. If for a moment he relaxed his vigilance, there was the sudden snarl of defiance, a roar, and a yellow blur as one of the great

cats shot through the air at him.

But the chair would come up, the whip crack across a blunt nose, and the cat would retire, snarling, to the stool. The audience ate it up! Even Mark enjoyed his knowledge of superiority over the brutes. Never for a second did he doubt that the cats could best him at this game! Every one of them hated the man, hated him with all their animal instinct. They waited only for the time when the chair could not be brought into play nor the whip crack.

In his belt was a gun. It served only to frighten the tawny beasts, for it had blank cartridges. Never would Mark take the chance of killing anything so valuable. His only protection against the sudden charges was the men outside the cage armed with hoses that were ready to spit a powerful stream of water at the cats if they started to attack him.



ALL THE PERFORMERS in the circus were ready to admit that Mark's was the most dangerous act of the group. None envied him the chance to match his wits against the fury and cunning of the death that paced silently in the cage. They would watch the daily work-outs before the show started with as much anxiety as did the paid customers, for it was during the actual training that the cats were most dangerous. In the evenings, the spotlights would hit the cage with their beams, blinding the animals into submission. Then, too, they were always held back

by the roaring of the many strange voices.

It was during a workout nearly two months ago that it happened. Mark had entered the cage with all the confidence of a king. An attendant handed him the whip and chair, shut the steel door after him, then pulled up the gate of the chute that led to the cages. Swiftly, the soft padding of many feet came down the wooden runway, and eight huge cats entered the great cage.

Rex came first, a giant, dark-maned lion that fairly shouted that he was the leader of the pack. He trotted out, bunched his muscles for a leap, then jumped to the high perch that was his. Keena was next, a young male tiger that snarled at anything in his path. Keena was new to the circus, and hated everything about it.

This day he was mad. He braked swiftly when he ran out of the chute, and faced Mark, defiance in his little eyes. The hair on his striped back rose slowly as he measured the distance for a leap at the trainer. Mark brought the whip up. A swift snap, and it lashed across Keena's face. The cat howled, turned . . . and jumped up next to Rex.

Immediately the Kings' paw went out and cuffed him sharply. The next instant the cage was a maze of flying fur and the furious growls of the fighters. Without hesitation Mark went in. The chair battered into the cats' faces while the whip whistled through the air, and cracked time after time! A jet of water hit them both, throwing them to the side of the cage.

THAT STOPPED the fight, but the fury was still in Keena's eyes. The tiger's shackles rose every time Mark came near. Then the act began. Responding neatly to every command, the lions jumped over their striped partners. They hopped on barrels and rolled them around the barred arena. Gradually the act went on faster and faster, until it came time for the cats to walk the tight-rope.

They were half way across when the performers outside the cage began to cheer. Mark turned his head to acknowledge the applause ... and Keena jumped! The snarling, spitting demon landed on Mark's back. Claws raked through his shirt and sharp teeth sunk into his shoulder. Bones crunched under the mighty jaws. Before anyone could move, a yellow flash whipped across space, and the body of the king of the pack hit the tiger!

Then the king tore into the other cat. The tiger was young, but he didn't stand a chance against the unleashed fury of the lion. Outside, the men manned the powerful water hoses and the fight broke up. The cats retired into the chute. An attendant ran to the cage, picked up the torn body of the trainer and sped him to a hospital.

For two months he laid on his hospital cot, his feverish brain continually brooding over the fateful day. His nerve was gone, he was sure of that! When he returned to the lot he quivered at the thought of having to again enter the cage with the cats. Mark hated himself for his cowardice. He realized that if he could only force himself to enter the empty cage, he also would be able to face the cats once more.

So, while everyone slept in the wagons, he crept softly into the Big Top. He nervously carried his whip and chair. Every part of his body shook with fear. Why? The cage was empty! Surely nothing could happen now! He reached the cage door, opened it

and stepped inside. The clang made him jump ... for he had forgotten that it was securely shut now. The lock could only be opened from the outside! Beads of perspiration grew on his wrinkled forehead!

IN HIS CAGE not far away, Keena snuffed the air. His back arched with hate, for he again scented his enemy. The cat was a wary one. He padded to the sliding gate at the end of his cage. For a minute he toyed with it, then a claw went under it and the gate rose. Keena's nose went into it, pushed, and his body squeezed into the chute! Silently, he crawled to the other end.

An inner sense turned Mark around. There, staring at him from the chute at the door which someone had carelessly neglected to close was a pair of green, devilish eyes. Mark froze, his blood ran cold! Then the cat charged! Mark's instinct saved him. The whip split the air and the chair rammed into the tiger. The weight of the cat knocked him over, but Mark scrambled to his feet.

Like a cat himself, he set himself to meet the next rush. Keena crouched, then sprang! Mark ducked under the attack. As the tiger passed over him he rammed the chair into its belly. That hurt. Keena was more cautious this time. He didn't set to jump again ... instead, he quietly stalked the trainer. With muscles rippling under his coat, the cat circled Mark, coming closer each time.

Mark cracked the whip in front of him, waving the chair about. The four legs confused the cat. He reared up on his hind legs and pawed at them. Mark brought the blunt butt end of the whip down across Keena's nose. Keena recoiled, spitting his hate. Then Mark became the aggressor. With his flimsy weapons he forced the tiger into a corner.

That was a mistake! With a new and sudden fury Keena charged! He hit the chair and

knocked Mark over backwards, his claws raking the air desperately. Before Mark could rise, the cat was on him. His fear was forgotten ... Mark was furious. He kicked out with all his newfound strength and swung a blow at the tiger's head! Keena rolled off.

IN AN INSTANT Mark was on his feet, chair and whip forgotten! He went after Keena with his feet and hands. He kicked, and his boot "thocked" under Keena's chin. With a sharp snarl, the cat rose on his hind legs and pawed the air, his sharp claws flashing in the dim light from the single bulb overhead. This was nothing new to Mark. He feinted one way, then came in like a boxer with a fist to the exposed underside of the tiger. Keena dropped to his feet and backed off.

Mark had forgotten that minutes before he had shivered with fear when he went to enter an empty cage. Now he faced one of the most dangerous of jungle beasts without a quiver. Again and again he came in on the cat. This was something new to Keena, and the tiger was confused. Keena lashed out at the boot that was tormenting him, but each time Mark ducked the savage claws.

Suddenly the place was a bedlam of shouts. The circus attendants ran into the place expecting to find the mangled remains of the trainer under the teeth of the tiger. They were astounded, for the big cat lay in a corner, scared stiff by the fury of the man. Mark went over to him, ignored the bared teeth, then bent down and cuffed the hairy face with a backhanded slap. This time Mark turned to receive the acclaim of his friends. He nodded his head at their applause, but even though he was the undisputable master once more, he kept the shaking form of the cat well covered out of the corner of his eye!

THE END

SWOOPY The Fearless!

CO-STARRING
"WINDY" ...

ART GATES

OUR STORY OPENS IN
THE KINGDOM OF
MOBORA... SWOOPY
AND WINDY HAVE COME
TO THE CASTLE, HOPING
TO FIND WORK! ...

THESE MUST BE AN
EASIER WAY OF MAKING
A LIVING THAN BY
WORKING!

WELL, ONE OF
US MUST
GET A JOB
OR WE'LL
STARVE!

WELL—I'LL
GIVE YOU A JOB!
—FOR YOU!
THAT'S FINE.
WHAT IT?

BIG YOUR
PARDON,
SIR—

WELL—

COULD YOU SPARE
FIFTEEN CENTS FOR
A CLIP OF COFFEY?
—FOR A MAN WHOSE
WIFE IS OUT OF WORK?

HOW DO YOU
FIGURE
FIFTEEN CENTS
FOR COFFEY?

IT'S FIVE CENTS FOR
MINE—THEN I THOUGHT
YOU FELLAS WOULD
HAVE A CLIP ON ME!

THANKS—
BUT WE'RE
BOTH
BROKE!

THAT—I'VE HAD
A GOOD DAY TODAY
—HERE'S A HALF
A BUCK!

HUH!

A HALF A BUCK!
WOW!

HAW HAW—
HO HO HO
HO HO HO HO!

IT'S MINE!
IT'S MINE!

HAW HAW!—HO!
IMAGINE THEM
DIVIN' FER A
COIN A TRAMP
THEEN! HO-HO!

OH! THE
KING IS
LAUGHING!

SECONDS LATER—

HEY!
DO YOU KNOW
WHAT YOU'VE
DONE? YOU'VE
MADE THE KING
LAUGH!

GOOD GRIB!
BET THAT!
OH—HOW
TERRIBLE!

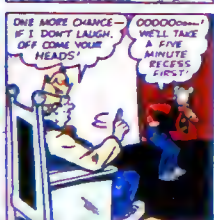
WHAT'S
WRONG
WITH
THAT?

DON'T YOU SEE!
THE FIRST PERSON
TO MAKE THE KING
LAUGH BECOMES
THE COURT
JESTER!

AND IF HE EVER
STOPS
LAUGHING, YOU
WILL BOTH BE
BEHEADED!

OOOoooo!

THE NEXT DAY -- IN THE CASTLE.



THE
SUB-MARINER

The cover features a large, muscular, white-skinned man with dark hair and a black loincloth, representing Namor the Sub-Mariner. He is shown from the waist up, holding a small Japanese warship aloft with his right hand. In his left hand, he holds a man in a yellow military uniform, who is being thrown or rescued. The background is a dynamic scene of aerial warfare with several biplanes and a red fighter plane. A small island labeled 'GUAM' is visible in the water. The overall style is classic comic book art with bold lines and a limited color palette.

SUB-MARINER
SLAUGHTERS THE JAPS
ON VINE ISLAND!

GUAM

WHEN THE NIPPONESE
DARED NAMOR
TO RESCUE THREE
U.S. MARINE
PRISONERS...

LET'S TAKE A QUICK TRIP TO NEW YORK AND LOOK IN ON NAMOR'S FRIEND, OFFICER BETTY DEAN OF THE NEW YORK CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT —

wellllll

AT HER APARTMENT, WE FIND HER PACING NERVOUSLY, TALKING TO HER ROOMMATE ...

I TELL YOU, BARBARA, I'M WORRIED! ALL THREE OF MY BROTHERS, LLOYD, JIMMY, AND FRANK, WERE CAUGHT IN THE WAKE ISLAND DISASTER — THEY'RE MARINES, AND I HAVEN'T HEARD A WORD FROM THEM IN MONTHS!



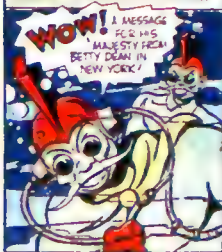
I'M GOING TO GET IN TOUCH WITH SUB-MARINER... WE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO. HELLO, OPERATOR? GET ME WESTERN TELEGRAPH — HELLO! I WANT TO SEND A WIRELESS MESSAGE TO PRINCE NAMOR, THE SUB-MARINER, AT HIS HOME IN THE SOUTH ANTARCTIC. THIS IS POLICE OFFICER DEAN!



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, BETTY'S COMMUNICATION CRACKLES OUT OVER THE AIR WAVES ...



...AND IS PICKED UP BY NAMOR'S SIGNAL CORPS AT HIS ICE CASTLE IN THE COLD REGIONS OF THE SOUTH ANTARCTIC!



WOW! A MESSAGE FOR HIS MAJESTY FROM BETTY DEAN IN NEW YORK!

...AND IS HANDED IMMEDIATELY TO THE SUB-MARINER HIMSELF.



PARDON, SIR — A WIRELESS MESSAGE FROM THE UNITED STATES!

THANKS, MARA — GIVE IT HERE!

HOLY JOE! FROM MY OLD PAL, BETTY! LET'S SEE... "MY BROTHERS CAUGHT IN WAKE ISLAND STOP UNABLE LOCATE THEM STOP IF YOU ARE NOT BUSY CAN YOU HELP ME GET WORD TO THEM STOP AFFECTIONATELY BETTY DEAN."

WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?



HAVEN'T HEARD FROM BETTY FOR A LONG TIME! DIDN'T KNOW SHE HAD ANY BROTHERS — BUT IF SHE'S IN TROUBLE I'LL SURE DO ALL I CAN TO HELP HER!



A MOMENT LATER, HE SUMMONS HIS LIEUTENANTS —

FOLMA! SARNA! PREPARE A SQUADRON OF AERIAL SUBS IMMEDIATELY! WE'RE GOING TO NEW YORK!



AFF, SIR!

NAMOR'S ORDERS ARE CARRIED OUT INSTANTLY! WRAPPING A HEAVY CLOAK ABOUT HIS POWERFUL BODY, NAMOR LEAVES HIS CASTLE TO EMBARK ON ANOTHER ADVENTURE!

MOMENTS LATER, THE POWERFUL AERIAL SUBMARINER IS IN THE AIR, ROARING NORTHWARD OVER THE FROZEN SEAS!



WITHIN A FEW DAYS THEY HAVE COMPLETED THE TRIP AND THE THREE PLANE "SIT DOWN" IN NEW YORK HARBOR —



THIRTY MINUTES LATER FINDS NAMOR AT BETTY DEANS' DOOR!



HELLO, KEEB! THAT MAN'S HERE AGAIN!



INSTANTLY, BETTY GOES INTO DETAIL ABOUT HER APPEAL FOR HELP, AS NAMOR LISTENS INTENTLY...



AS YOU PROBABLY KNOW, U.S. AND BRITISH OBSERVATION PLANES HAVE SCOUTED OVER WAKE ISLAND RECENTLY, AND HAVE REPORTED THAT IT IS COMPLETELY DESERTED -- THE JAPS SEEM TO HAVE DONE A VERY THOROUGH JOB OF ANNIHILATING THE ENTIRE POPULATION! BUT SOMEHOW I HAVE A FEELING THAT MY BROTHERS ARE ALIVE AND STILL ON THAT ISLAND!



SURE! I SORT OF EXPECTED SOMETHING LIKE THIS, SO I'VE COME PREPARED! THERE ARE THREE AERIAL SUBS WAITING FOR US DOWN AT THE BATTERY, SO HOP INTO YOUR DUDS AND LET'S GO!



A MOMENT LATER, DRESSED FOR TERROR, BETTY ACCOMPANIES NAMOR TO A TAXICAB.

SWELL, NAMOR! I WANTED TO GO ALONG, BUT I WROTE SURE YOU'D ALLOW ME!

DON'T BE SILLY PET, I'VE NEVER SEEN YOUR BROTHERS, SO YOU'LL HAVE TO COME TO IDENTIFY THEM!



SPENDING THROUGH THE DOWNTOWN TRAFFIC, THE TAXI BRINGS THEM TO A SCREECHING STOP ON A FIRE AT NEW YORK'S BATTERY PLAZA.

THIS IS NEAR ENOUGH, DRIVER! I'VE NO AMERICAN MONEY BETTY! - CAN YOU PAY THAT?

WHY, OF COURSE! I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU TO PAY!



DROPPING INTO THE SUB-MARINE'S COLLAPSIBLE BOW, THEY BOAT TO NAMOR'S FLAGSHIP IN THE HARBOR...

GUESS YOU'VE NEVER BEEN IN MY NEW DRILL-SHOOT AERIAL SUBS, HAVE YOU, BETTY?



UM-UM! BOY SHE SURE IS A BEAUTY!

...AND, AS NAMOR GIVES THE ORDER, THE THREE PLANES LEAP INTO THE AIR -

HAD A LITTLE RUN WITH IT, A LITTLE WHILE AGO, FIGHTING THE JAPS! THEY DIDN'T LIKE IT AT ALL!

OH, YES! I REMEMBER READING ABOUT IT!



LOOKS LIKE THEY MAY GET ANOTHER TASTE OF IT NOW, HUH?

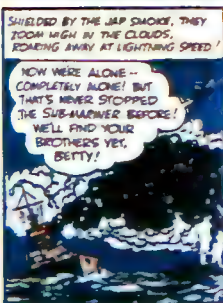
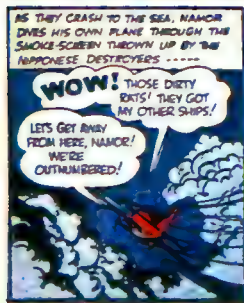
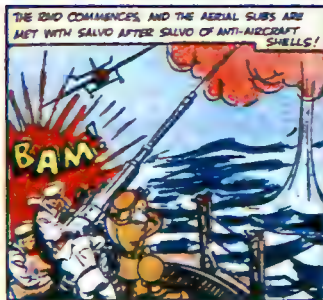
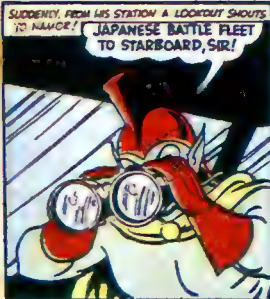
YOU'RE NOT KIDDING, SISTER! AND AN ACID TASTE, AT THAT! THE TIP OF THE SPIRAL DRILL IS MADE OF RADIUM AND, WITH THE POWER OF THE COMPRESSED-AIR MOTORS, SHE'LL CUT HER WAY THROUGH ANYTHING!



HOW COME I WAS ABLE TO REACH YOU SO EASILY, NAMOR? NOW IS IT YOU'RE NOT ALREADY IN THE PACIFIC MOPPING UP THE JAP MENACE?

WHAT THE HECK, BETTY! SUPER-NU SHAD! I CAN'T FIGHT EVERYBODY'S BATTLES! I CAN'T BE EVERYWHERE AT ONCE - AND I HAVE MY OWN PEOPLE TO TAKE CARE OF!





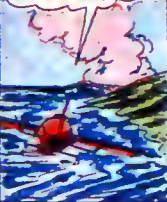
HOURS LATER, THE LONE AERIAL
SUB BANKS OVER ITS GOAL ...

THERE SHE IS, BETTY! **WAKE
ISLAND!** THINK WE'LL TAKE A
GOOD LOOK AT HER BEFORE
WE SIT DOWN ---



NAMOR CIRCLES THE
ISLAND TWICE ...

GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT
ITS BEING DESERTED! AT
LEAST NO ONE'S ATTEMPTED
TO SHOOT US DOWN--UNLESS
THIS IS A TRAP!



CUTTING HIS MOTORS, HE GLIDES DOWN TO
A SMOOTH LANDING A FEW YARDS FROM SHORE---

WELL, WE'LL HAVE TO CHANCE IT!
FOLMA! --PREPARE A LANDING PARTY
--TAKE THE RAFT AND FOUR MEN--BE
SURE YOUR SHOCK RIFLES AND PISTOLS
ARE IN GOOD SHADE--AND WATCH
OUT FOR AMBUSHES!

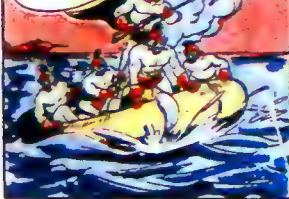
AYE,
SIR!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, FOLMA AND HIS MEN
APPROACH THE BEACH! ...

ON THE ALERT,
MEN! THOSE
JAPS ARE SLY
DEVILS!

NO ONE IN
SIGHT YET,
SIR!



LANDING, THEY PROCEED CAUTIOUSLY THROUGH A
BOMB-SHATTERED SETTLEMENT ...

LORD! WHAT COMPLETE DEVASTATION!
THOSE YELLOW DOGS LEFT NOTHING
UNTOUCHED -- THEY BLASTED
EVERYTHING TO BITS!



UNABLE TO FIND ANY SIGNS OF LIFE, THE SCOUTS
RETURN TO THE PLANE ---

OKAY, MEN -- SHOVE OFF!
AND KEEP YOUR EYES
PEELED FOR POSSIBLE
SNIPERS ON THE
SHORE!



AND FOLMA REPORTS TO THE SUB-MARINER---

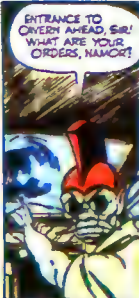
THAT'S ALL WE FOUND, SIR! NOTHING BUT
RUINS! -- COMPLETE AND SHOCKING! THEY
BOMBED EVERY STREET, AND FIRED EVERY
BUILDING. WE FOUND BODIES MUTILATED
AND LEFT TO ROT -- EVERYWHERE!
IT'S GHASTLY!



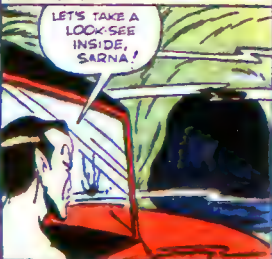
NOT SATISFIED WITH HIS FINDINGS NAMOR
UNDERSTANDS AN URGENT TRIP OFF THE ISLE...



ENTRANCE TO
OVERYN AHEAD, SIR!
WHAT ARE YOUR
ORDERS, NAMOR?



SUB-HARMER PEERS INTO THE MYSTERIOUS
DARKNESS OF THE BATHING CAVERN IN
FRONT OF HIM...

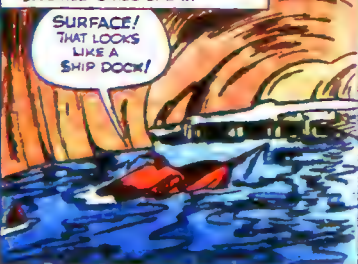


LET'S TAKE A
LOOK-SEE
INSIDE,
SARNA!

NAMOR CAUTIOUSLY GUIDES HIS LONG
SUB INTO THE INTERIOR OF THE CAVERN...



... AND PULLS HIS CRAFT UP TO A LOW,
DESERTED STRUCTURE ...



SURFACE!
THAT LOOKS
LIKE A
SHIP DOCK!

NAMOR'S SUB COMES UP ALONGSIDE
THE DOCK AND HIS MEN STREAM OUT...



THERE DOESN'T
SEEM TO BE
ANYBODY
AROUND--
LET'S TAKE
A LOOK
INTO THAT
HOLE
THERE!

Suddenly - AS IF OUT OF NOWHERE, MURDEROUS
FIRE BREAKS OUT IN THE CAVE STILLNESS



AN AMBUSH!
QUICK!
INTO ACTION!

WHY - THE
DIRTY SKUNKS!

THE HAIL OF BULLETS CONTINUES...



THROW YOURSELVES
DOWN, MEN!
WHIP OUT YOUR
SHOCK GUNS!

AND NAMOR QUICKLY DEPLOYS HIS MEN FOR BATTLE...



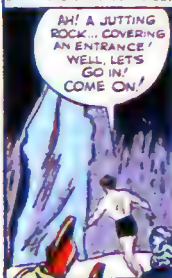
IF WE DON'T DO
ANYTHING ELSE,
WE'LL SCARE THE
PUNKS BACK IN
THEIR HOLES!

AS THE FUSILLADE ENDS,
NAMOR LEADS HIS MEN
ONWARD...



A LITTLE RAIN OF
LEAD CAN'T
STOP US!
COME ON,
MEN!

...INTO THE DARK PASSAGE.



AH! A JUTTING
ROCK... COVERING
AN ENTRANCE!
WELL, LET'S
GO IN!
COME ON!

DISCOVERING ITS SECRET, NAMOR
SWINGS THE HUGE ROCK SERVING
AS A DOOR TO THE PASSAGE...



WELL, BETTY
YOU WANTED
EXCITEMENT.
HERE IT IS!
...INSIDE!

FEARLESSLY, NAMOR LEADS HIS SMALL
'ARMY' INTO THE GLOOM OF THE
PASSAGEWAY...



EASY NOW, MEN!
AND KEEP YOUR EYES
PEELED! I WON'T
TRUST THE
SHADOWS!

I CAN'T
SEE
AHEAD,
NAMOR!

LOOK!
RIGHT AHEAD!
OF ALL
THINGS!



AS THEY BURST INTO A WIDENING OF THE
PASSAGE, THEY FIND AN UNDERGROUND
HANGAR!



PRETTY LITTLE WINGS,
AREN'T THEY? --
WHAT! -- NO
PILOTS!

BUT BEHIND THE PLANES LURKED DEATH... AS MACHINE-GUNS BEGAN TO BARK AT THE ORDER OF COLONEL YUMA! ...

HOW DO THOSE WHITE DOGS EVER DISCOVER OUR SECRET AIR HIDEOUT? BLAST THEM TO PIECES! I HATE THEM FIERCELY!

IT'S THE FAMED SUB-MARINER, YUMA, AND TO HIM MANY THINGS ARE POSSIBLE!



...TO WHICH NAMOR AND HIS BROTHER FORCE REPLY IN A FIERCE AND BRIEF COUNTER-ATTACK!

THAT FELLOW WITH THE SHORT MUSTACHE-- HE'S MINE! -- I DON'T LIKE HIM!



CLEVERLY, THE JAPS EVADE THE DEADLY EFFECTS OF NAMOR'S FLASH-GUNS!

WHERE DID LITTLE WHISKERS BEAT IT TO?



SEARCHING FOR THE JAP RING LEADER, SUB-MARINER SURVEYS THE CAVERN ...

FOR PEOPLE SUPPOSEDLY FAMOUS FOR HOSPITALITY, THEY SURELY MAKE US FEEL WELCOME!



--AND SUDDENLY DUCKS INTO A NATURAL ALLEY WITH HIS FORCE!

OH! OH! THERE'S A NEW SIGN OF LIFE AROUND -- QUICK, BETTY, GET INTO THIS CRANNY --



A QUICK-STEPPING GROUP OF PURSUIT PLOTS RACE THROUGH A HIDDEN DOOR.

BANZAI!

QUIET, YOU MEN! I, COLONEL YUMA, TAKE COMMAND AND GIVE ORDERS! GO TO THE SHIPS!



AND MAKE FOR THE WAITING SQUADRON OF PURSUIT SHIPS, AS COLONEL YUMA BARKS OUT ORDERS.

TAKE OFF WITH THE FIRST FLIGHT ONLY! USE PLAN 'D' -- I'LL STAY HERE TO HANDLE SUB-MARINER!



AS SUB-MARINER WATCHES FROM A HIDDEN CORNER, MOTORS ROAR AND THE FAST SMALL JAP PLANE TAXI DOWN A RAMP AS DOORS OPEN TO A SIGNAL...

ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME! — BOY! WHAT A HIDDEN AIR BASE!



MEANWHILE, COLONEL YENI HEARS THE LATEST REPORTS FROM HIS SECOND-IN-COMMAND ON THE ISLAND...

SO A SUSPICIOUS SUBMARINE OF PECULIAR DESIGN HAS BEEN SEEN SNOOPING AROUND THIS ISLAND! — NOW I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND!

GET MY SHIP READY!

THE FIRST FLIGHT YOU'VE JUST ORDERED UP CAN TAKE CARE OF IT, COLONEL... BUT HOW ABOUT THE SUB-MARINER? HE'S ON THE ISLAND!



WHAT A BEAUTIFUL PLEASURE IT WOULD BE TO HAVE SUB-MARINER IN OUR POWER... SUCH SWEET TORTURES WE COULD GIVE HIM! EH-NOW! I'LL PREPARE YOUR PLANE AS YOU ORDER, COLONEL!



—BUT SUB-MARINER IS MUCH NEARER THAN THE JAP LIEUTENANT THINKS!

ALL RIGHT, MEN — WE'VE GOT TO FOLLOW THOSE JAP FLIERS — AND FAST!



HOW CAN WE GET YOUR AERIAL-SUB THROUGH HERE, NAMOR — IT'S TOO BIG!

LET'S GO BACK TO OUR SHIP AS WE COME QUIET, BETTY! I'VE JUST FIGURED OUT I'D LIKE TO USE THAT RUNWAY AND THE SHORTEST WAY IS THROUGH THIS ROCK WALL!

IT'S MANY YARDS THICK, PRINCE!



AMID A DULL CIRCOLE AND HUM, THE DRILL-SHOUT OF THE AERIAL-SUB IS STARTED...



AND SUB-MARINER SOON CRASHES THROUGH THE ROCK SEPARATING HIM FROM THE HANGAR RUN-WAY...

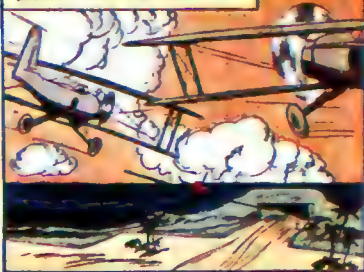


SEE WHAT I MEAN, BETTY? NICE SHORT-CUT? EH, WHAT?

ROARING UP THE RUNWAY JUST USED BY THE JAP FLIGHT, NAMOR'S SHIP TAKES TO THE AIR...

BY THE RISING SUN OF MY HONORABLE ANCESTORS, IF COLONEL YUMA KNEW OF THIS, HE'D KILL ME! I MUST GET IN THE AIR TO FIGHT THIS SUB-MARINER!

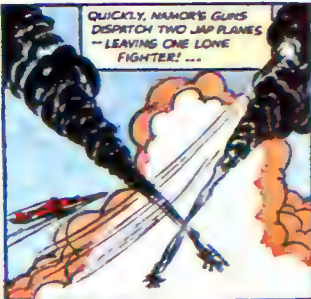
...AND IS MET BY THE RETURNING ENEMY PLANES HEAD ON!



A THREE-TO-ONE DOG FIGHT QUICKLY DEVELOPS AS ANOTHER SHIP JOINS IN...



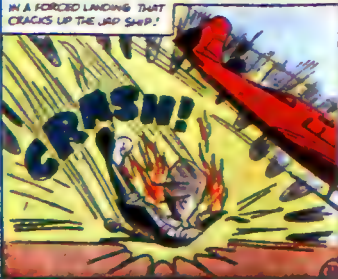
QUICKLY, NAMOR'S GUNS DISPATCH TWO JAP PLANES -- LEAVING ONE LONE FIGHTER! ...



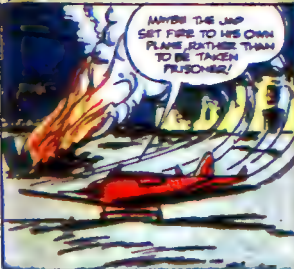
THIS IS A TOUGH LITTLE BABY, BUT MAYBE I CAN HAVE SOME FUN WITH HIM!



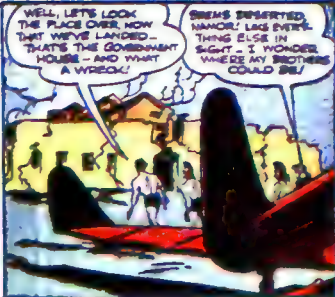
NAMOR MANEUVERES SO THAT THE ENEMY IS DOWNED IN A FORCED LANDING THAT CRACKS UP THE JAP SHIP!



RUSHING - DOWN TO THE THROTTLED PLANE, NAMOR LANDS ALONGSIDE - JUST AS IT BURSTS INTO FLAME!



MAYBE THE JAP SET FIRE TO HIS OWN PLANE, RATHER THAN TO BE TAKEN PRISONER!



WELL, LET'S LOOK THE PLACE OVER NOW THAT WE'VE LANDED - THAT'S THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE - AND WHAT A WRECK!

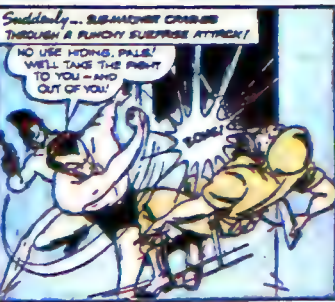
SEEMS SUSPECTED, NAMOR! LIKE EVERYTHING ELSE IN SIGHT - I WONDER WHERE MY BROTHERS COULD BE!



THERE ARE SIGNS OF RECENT HUMAN OCCUPATION HERE! LET'S GO IN!

DO BE VERY CAREFUL, NAMOR! YOU KNOW THIS LOOKS TOO QUIET!

I SEE THE GLINT OF A BAYONET IN THERE, SUB-MARINER!



Suddenly... SUB-MARINER CRASHES THROUGH A RUDDY SURPRISE ATTACK!

NO USE HIDING, PALE! WE'LL TAKE THE PAIN TO YOU - AND OUT OF YOU!

BOOM!

HEARING SHOUTS FROM THE BASEMENT, NAMOR RUSHES DOWN, AFTER DESCENDING THE JAP GUARD AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS.



DOWN THIS WAY, MEN - IT SOUNDS LIKE WHITE MEN DOWN THERE!

HEAVENS! IT'S JIM AND LLOYD - AND RAY! I KNOW THEIR VOICES! HURRY!

Tearing the iron door off its hinges, Namor and his men soon free Betty's three brothers...



SURE WE WERE CAPTURED - WITH THE REST OF THE BOYS!

THE JAPS PUT US IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT BECAUSE WE WERE PLOTTING AN ESCAPE, AND THEY OVERHEARD US - THE REST OF THE IMPRISONED MARINES? HERE, COME THIS WAY, PLEASE!



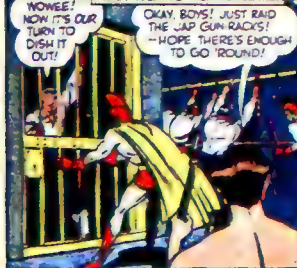
SUB-MARINER, WITH THE HELP OF BETTYE LIBERATED BROTHERS, RUSHES IN TO FREE THE OTHERS TAKEN PRISONER BY THE JAPS!...



...WHO WROTE ON THE OTHER SIDE...



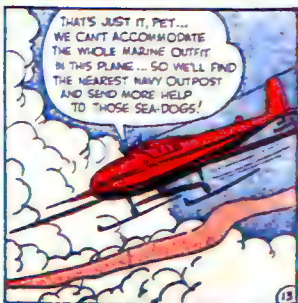
JOYOUS MARINES WELCOME SUB-MARINER, AS THEY ITCH TO FIGHT ONCE MORE...



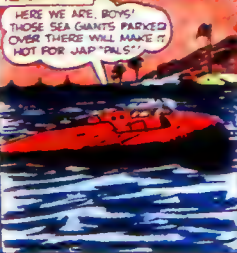
RELEASED FROM THEIR PRISON, THE MARINES GO AT THEIR FORMER GUARDS WITH A VENGEANCE!



AS THE MARINES ENJOY A FIELD DAY, SUB-MARINER RUSHES HIS PLANS TO CLEAN UP THE NEXT SPOT ON HIS MAP!



SOON THE SUB-MARINER FINDS A NAVY OUTPOST AND SETS HIS SHIP DOWN, TO REPORT...



... TO THE MARINE OFFICER IN CHARGE ...



WELL, WE BROUGHT BACK THREE OF THEM! THEY'LL GIVE YOU ALL THE HORRIBLE DETAILS OF THE JAPANESE WAY OF WAR! COLONEL, MEET LLOYD AND JIM AND FRANK!



AS SUB-MARINER STANDS BY THE THREE FREED MARINES TELL THEIR HEROIC STORIES - "TO THE MARINE!"



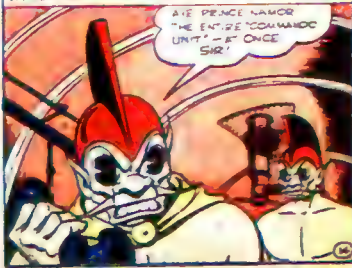
ASSURED THAT THE DEATHS OF HIS MEN WERE TAKEN CARE OF, SUB-MARINER HEADS HIS SHIP TOWARD GUAM



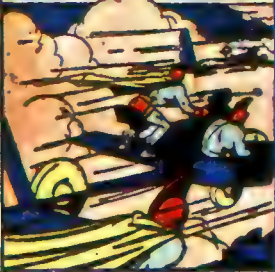
SUB-MARINER DECIDES TO FREE GUAM FROM THE JAP MENACE!



IN ANTARCTICA SUB-MARINER'S MEN GET HIS CALL FOR A FAST AND FURIOUS ATTACK WITH THE "MOTOR PLANES"



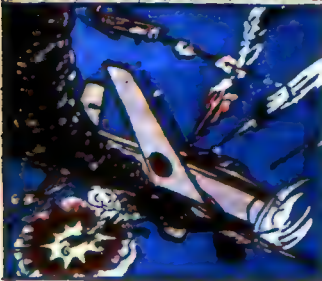
SLUG-MARKER'S PLANNED RUSH WITH HIS MARVELY ARMED AIR ASSAULT FLEET GETS GOING...



FLYING AT A GREAT HEIGHT, THEY SOON OVERTAKE A FORMATION OF JAP BOMBERS. THEY GET THEIR ORDERS...



...AND DIVE DIRECTLY AT THE SUPERIOR ENEMY FORCE.



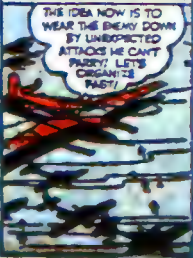
THE DEADLINES OF THEIR ATTACK SOON REDUCES THE OPPOSITION TO A FEW PLANES WHICH TURN AND FLEE!



WHILE THE SLUG-MARKER'S AIR GROUP IS ATTACKING THE JAP AIR FORCE BUST, ANOTHER FORMATION HEADS FOR GUAM ISLAND...



...DROPPING FROM THE SKY, THE "COMMANDER" SETTLES ON THE BOTTOM - A FEW HUNDRED YARDS FROM SHORE!

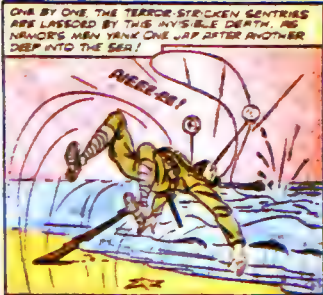
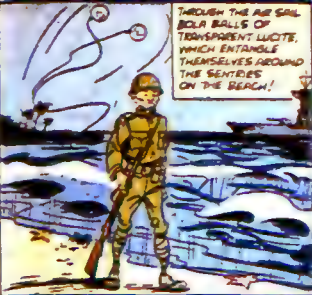


WE'RE FIRST GOING TO "WORRY" THE JAPS WITH CUTE LITTLE TRICKS, AND WHEN THE SIGNAL IS GIVEN, GO INTO OUR ATTACK. SO BE EVER ON THE ALERT! FIRST, THE INVISIBLE BOLA BALLS!

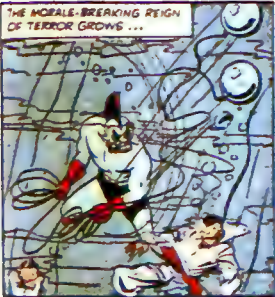


THROUGH THE AIR SAIL
BOLA BALLS OF
TRANSPARENT LUCITE,
WHICH ENTANGLE
THEMSELVES AROUND
THE SENTRIES
ON THE BEACH!

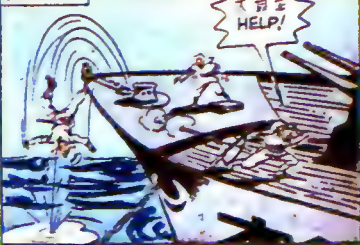
ONE BY ONE, THE TERROR-STICKEN SENTRIES
ARE LASSOED BY THIS INVISIBLE DEATH. AS
NAVY'S MEN YANK ONE JAP AFTER ANOTHER
DEEP INTO THE SEA!



THE MORALE-BREAKING REIGN
OF TERROR GROWS ...



AS THE LUCITE BALLS WHIP OUT TO SNARE MEN ON THE
DECKS OF ANCHORED WARSHIPS, SNARING SAILORS
SOLDIERS AND MARINES TO DEATH BENEATH THE
SURFACE!



SUB WARFARE'S TERROR-WAR HAS GROWN
SO THAT THE JAPS LOOK FOR THE FDE ...



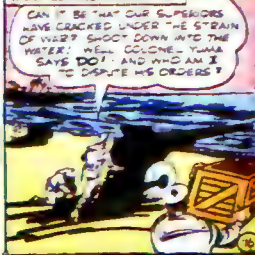
BY THE GREAT SHOGUN:
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN
ENEMY SUB PLANES
DEEP IN THE WATER!
OF COURSE ...
IT'S ...

SUB WARRIOR: MY DEAR,
HORRIBLE FRIEND! ...
WELL, COLONEL YUMA
HAS A ... ONE MEMORY!
... SO ...

MAN ALL SHIPS DEFENSES
PEPPER BEACHES UNDER
WATER WITH SHRAPNEL ...



OBEYING THE BIRD-BOE INSTRUCTIONS FROM
THE AIR, THE SHORE BATTERY CREWS ALTER
THEIR GUN ELEVATIONS! ...



CAN IT BE THAT OUR SUPERIORS
HAVE CRACKED UNDER THE STRAIN
OF WAR? SHOOT DOWN INTO THE
WATER! WELL, COLONEL YUMA
SAYS DO! ... AND WHO AM I
TO DISOBEY HIS ORDERS?

WITH ALL THE ARMAMENT AT THEIR DISPOSAL, THE JAPS ON THE GUAM SHORES THROW SALVO AFTER SALVO INTO THE WATERS OF THE SLOPING BEACHES...

WE WASTE MUCH GOOD AMMUNITION! SURELY HIGH COMMAND IS NOT SHOOTING FOR FISH?

IS MAYBE GREATER FISH THAN IGNORANT ONE KNOWS! HOLD STUPID TONGUE AND FEED HUNGRY MOUTH OF OUR GUN!

WHAT WERE THE JAP SOLDIERS HITTING UNDER THE SUB? NAHORI'S MEN! - WHO CALLED UNWARRANTED, SUFFERED SOME CASUALTIES!...

OUR PLAN IS DISCOVERED BY THE WILY ENEMY. WE MUST FIGHT IN A NEW MANNER!

SUB-MARINER IMMEDIATELY DECIDES ON A LINE OF STRATEGY...

THE BEST THING IS TO ATTACK NOW! FIRST THE SPEEDICLES WILL CHARGE UP THE BEACH!



NAHORI'S BARRAGE ON THE GUAM SHORE IS MET BY A SOLID CURTAIN OF STEEL SHELLS!

THEN A FORMATION OF JAP P.T. BOATS PILE IN ON THE OVERWHELMED FISHERMEN!...



JAP PURSUIT SHIPS DIVE DOWN ON THE SPEEDICLES, ADING THE ACTION OF THEIR RUN DOWN P.T. BOAT STRAFFING THE WATER AND CHECKING NAHORI'S ADVANCE



... SO HE RETIRES BELOW WATER, HAVING LOST HEAVILY!

-HURRY! EQUIP ALL REMAINING MOTOR PLANES WITH SMALL A.C.D. BOMBS! WE'LL TRY AGAIN! WE'RE NOT LIKED YET!



BEYOND THE RAYAGE OF THE WITHERING SHORE, SHORE FIRE OF THE JAPS, NAMOR ORDERS HIS MEN INTO THE SKY FOR A RENEWED ATTACK ON THE PDE!

RELEASE ACID BOMBS AT WILL, AS SOON AS ENEMY IS SIGHTED!

ENEMY MACHINE-RIFLES AND SMALL-CALIBER COASTAL ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS TRY TO BREAK UP THE ATTACK DIRECTED BY NAMOR IN PERSON



IN THE HEAT OF BATTLE, NAMOR SPOTS A HUGE ENEMY BOMBER FROM HIS OWN FLAGSHIP!

THIS IS A JOB I'LL TAKE ON PERSONALLY WITH PLEASURE!

SORRYING IN THE AIR ON HIS OWN SPEEDICLE, SUB-MARINER FLIES OUT TO MEET THE MURDEROUS JAP PLANE ALONE... IN A HAIL OF BULLETS!



HE CIRCLES ABOVE THE SLOWER JAP SHIP AND SLAPS HIS SPEEDICLE DOWN ON THE TOP OF THE FUSELAGE, FASTENING IT ON THE STEEL HULL WITH ITS ELECTRO-MAGNET.



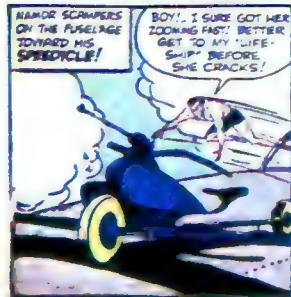
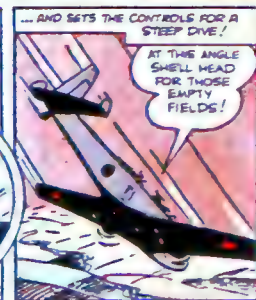
SMASHING THROUGH THE TURRET FLEXI-GLASS, NAMOR BATTLES THE YOUNGER RADIO MAN AND NAVIGATOR AS HE REACHES THE PILOT!

SO--YOU'RE THE GUY THAT ALWAYS GETS IN MY HAIR!



I GIVE IN! -- PLEASE, SUB-MARINER! DON'T HURT ME!



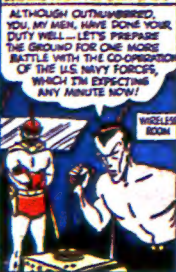


NEEDING FOR HIS OWN FORCE, NAMOR BRINGS HIS SPIDRY PLANE TO WINTER!



WITH THE EVIL GENIUS OF THEIR LEADER OUT OF THE WAY, WE STILL HAVE A CHANCE!

SUB-MARINER GIVES FINAL ORDERS FROM HIS OWN SHIP!



ALTHOUGH OUTNUMBERED, YOU, MY MEN, HAVE DONE YOUR DUTY WELL... LET'S PREPARE THE GROUND FOR ONE MORE BATTLE WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF THE U.S. NAVY FORCES, WHICH I'M EXPECTING ANY MINUTE NOW!

WIRELESS ROOM

BETTY, YOU'D BETTER STAY HERE WHILE WE CLEAN 'EM UP! IT MIGHT BE TOO DANGEROUS— BESIDES, I SWARE I'D FREE GUAM BEFORE I QUIT!



NAMOR, YOU ARE TRULY A FENCE! YOUR SACRIFICE AND DEVOTION TO THE CAUSE CAN BE COMPARED ONLY TO THAT OF VALIANT McARTHUR!

SPRINGING TO A LAST DESTRUCTIVE AND PRECISE ATTACK, SUB-MARINER LEADS HIS MEN INTO BATTLE WITH EVERYTHING THEY'VE GOT!...



BOM!

AS THE VANGUARD OF THE FAST AMERICAN SQUADRON, GUNS ABLAZING, SHOWS UP IN THE THICK OF IT!

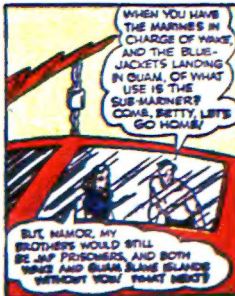


ALL HANDS, AHoy! IT'S THE BRAVE FORCE OF THE SUB-MARINER FIGHTING DEAD AHEAD!

WITH THE ARRIVAL OF THE U.S. NAVY FORCES, NAMOR ORDERS HIS WAR-WEARY MEN TO RETIRE...



GLAD TO SEE YOU, NAVY! GOODBYE AND GOOD LUCK! YOU CAN FINISH WHAT WE'VE STARTED— FREE GUAM!



WHEN YOU HAVE THE MARINES IN CHARGE OF WAKE, AND THE BLUE-JACKETS LANDING IN GUAM, OF WHAT USE IS THE SUB-MARINER? COME, BETTY, LET'S GO HOME!

BUT, NAMOR, MY BROTHERS WOULD STILL BE JAP PRISONERS, AND BOTH WAKE AND GUAM BLAME ISLANDS WITHOUT YOU! WHAT NEXT?

WHAT NEXT? THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW!...

WHAT IS THE WONDER-MAN OF THE SEA, SUB-MARINER GOING TO DO NEXT?

JUST PECK IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

WOLFE COMICS

AND SEE FOR YOURSELF IT'S ANOTHER HIT PERFORMER!

REMEMBER
PEARL
HARBOR!



LET ALL AMERICA ARISE
VICTORY SHALL BE OURS
DO YOUR SHARE

BUY UNITED STATES

SAVINGS
BONDS
and
STAMPS!



FOOT ITCH

ATHLETE'S FOOT

**Send Coupon
Don't Pay Until Relieved**

At least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while, the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.



DISEASE OFTEN MISUNDERSTOOD

The cause of the disease is not a germ as so many people think, but a vegetable growth that becomes buried beneath the outer tissues of the skin.

To obtain relief the medicine to be used must first gently dissolve or remove the outer skin and then kill the vegetable growth.

This growth is so hard to kill that a test shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy it; however, laboratory tests also show that H. F. will kill it upon contact in 15 seconds.

DOUBLE ACTION NEEDED

Recently H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It both gently dissolves the skin and then kills the vegetable growth upon contact. Both actions are necessary for prompt relief.

H. F. is a liquid that doesn't stain. You just paint the infected parts nightly before going to bed.

H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us \$1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.



GORE PRODUCTS, INC.

835 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

Please send me immediately a bottle of H. F. for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better, I will send you \$1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

DAISY Announces the **DEFENDER**

**1000 SHOT
MILITARY MODEL**

ONLY
\$5



Presenting the new, husky Daisy Defender—America's only military model air rifle! Enjoy these five military style features:

- (1) 36-inch Adjustable Gun Wing for carrying Defender shoulder-aiming (2) Automatic Bolt Action Safety which locks trigger "On Safety" when gun is cocked (3) Rear Sight adjustable for Windage ... left and right —for Elevation ... up and down (4) Full-Length Wooden Fore-End (5) One-Stroke.

Besides these authentic military features, Daisy Defender is equipped with Lightning-Loader invention ... your in 1000 shot in 20 seconds. Genuine Daisy quality from muzzle to butt. Get this beautiful new Defender now at your nearest hardware, sports goods or department store. If your Dealer hasn't it, or no Daisy Dealer is near you, send us only \$5 and we'll rush your Defender to you postpaid! (Duty added in Canada.)

NO. 25—DAISY PUMP GUN

A 36-shot three-level repeater. Take-down model. American without pistol grip stock. Non-slip grooves on butt.

\$5.00

NO. 108—LIGHTNING LOADER CARBINE

Daisy's original 509-shot Carbine featuring Lightning-Loader invention.

\$2.50

Shoot THE FAMOUS 1000-SHOT **RED RYDER** COWBOY CARBINE

Spring into the saddle—touch spurs to your horse, go thundering across the prairie roughneck plains with your 1000-shot Red Ryder Buffalo Carbine ready for instant use! Red Ryder Carbine features: Guides Carbine Bands, Genuine Western Carbine Ring, 36-inch Leather-Trigger Carbine Style Fore-end, Lightning-Loader. Red Ryder's brand on Pistol Grip Stock! Buy yours now. At your Dealer's or send us only \$3 and we'll mail your Red Ryder Carbine postpaid! (Duty added in Canada.)



\$3

With 36-SHOT
LEATHER BANDS THROU
ON CARBINE RING!

BE PITHY! BUY DEFENSE STAMPS! LEARN TO SHOOT STRAIGHT WITH

DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 886 UNION ST., DEPT. 2, PLYMOUTH, MICH., U. S. A.